3.

DUKE upon DUKE,

An Excellent New PLAY-HOUSE

BALLAD.

written by the Right Honble James Craggs Esq One of the Principal Secrs of State
and revised & corrected by Thomas Tickell

Set to *Muſick* by Mr. HOLDECOMBE.

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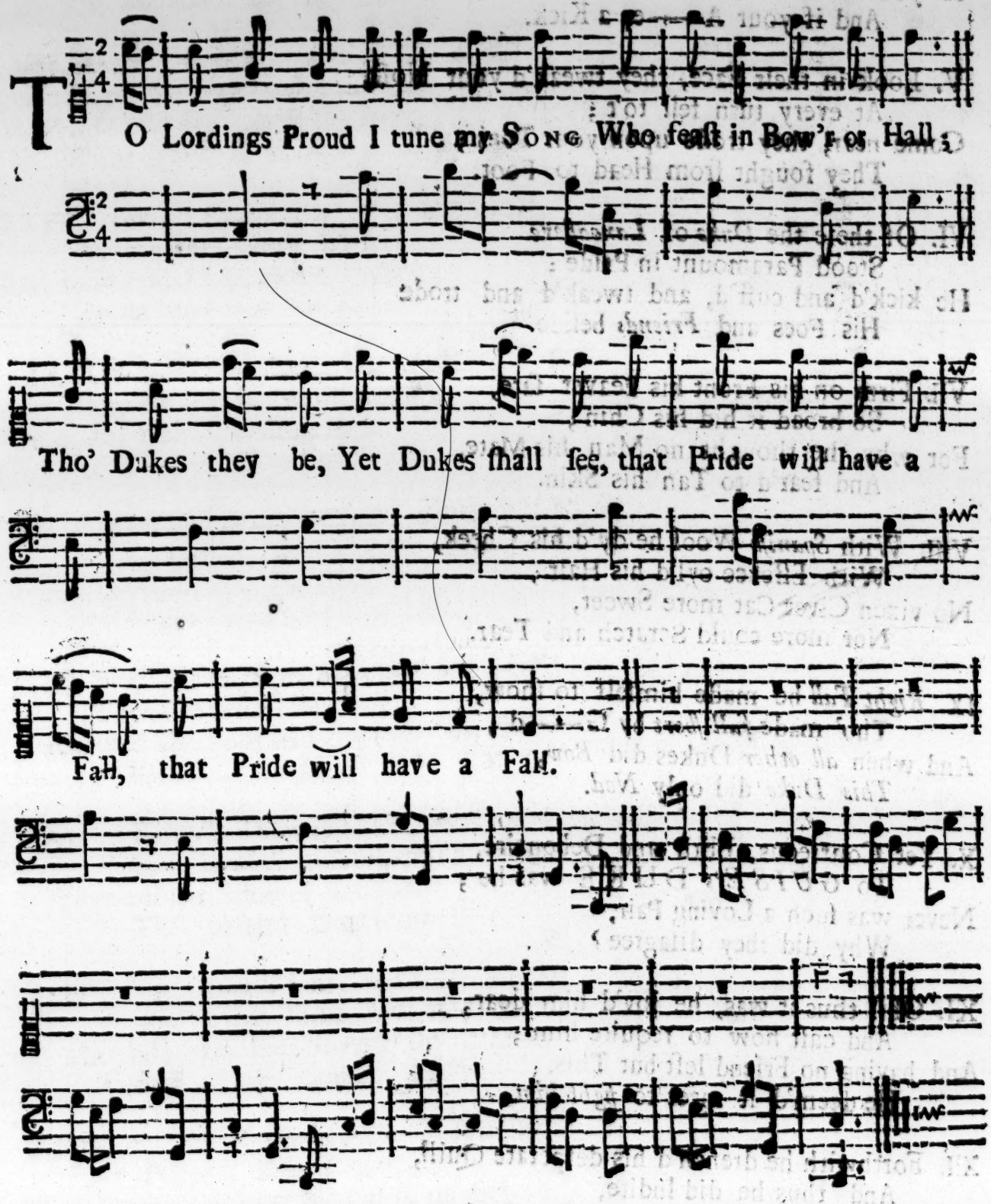
DUKE upon *DUKE*, &c.



I. TO Lordings Proud I tune my Song,
Who Feaſt in Bow'r or Hall;
Tho' Dukes they be, yet Dukes ſhall ſee
That Pride will have a fall.

II. Now that this ſame it is Right Sooth,
Full plainly doth appear;
From what befel *JOHN* DUKE OF *GUISE*,
And *NIC of* LANCASTERE.

III. When

III. When *Richard Cœur de Lyon* Reign'd,
(which means a *Lyon's Heart*)
Like him his Barons rag'd and roar'd,
Each play'd a Lyon's Part.

IV. A Word and Blow was then enough,
Such Honour did them Prick,
If you but turn'd your Cheek, a Cuff,
And if your A——e, a Kick.

V. Look in their Face, they tweak'd your Nose,
At every turn fell to't;
Come near, they trode upon your Toes;
They fought from Head to Foot.

VI. Of theſe the *Duke* of *Lancaſtere*
Stood Paramount in Pride;
He kick'd and cuff'd, and tweak'd and trode
His Foes and *Friends* beſide.

VII. Firm on his Front his Beaver ſate,
So broad it hid his Chin;
For why, he thought no Man his Mate,
And fear'd to Tan his Skin.

VIII. With *Spaniſh* Wool he dy'd his Cheek,
With Eſſence oyl'd his Hair;
No vixen Civet Cat more Sweet,
Nor more could Scratch and Tear.

IX. *Right Tall* he made himſelf to ſhow,
Tho' made *full ſhort* by G——d;
And when *all other* Dukes did *Bow*,
This Duke did only *Nod*.

X. Yet Courteous, Blith and Debonaire,
To *GUISE's* DUKE was he;
Never was ſuch a Loving Pair,
Why did they diſagree?

XI. Oh! thus it was, he lov'd him dear,
And caſt how to requite him;
And having no Friend left but This,
He deem'd it meet to *fight him*.

XII. Forthwith he drench'd his deſperate Quill,
And thus he did Indite,
This Eve at Wisk OUR SELF *will Play*,
Sir Duke, *Be here to Night*.

XIII. *Ah no! ah no!* the Guileleſs *GUISE*,
Demurely did reply;
I cannot Go, nor yet can Stand,
So ſore the Gout have I.

XIV. The DUKE in Wrath call'd for his Steeds,
And fiercely drove them on;
Lord! Lord! how rattled then thy Stones,
O *Kingly Kenſington*!

XV. All

XV. All in a Trice on *GUISE* he ruſh'd,
Thruſt out his Lady Dear;
He tweak'd his Noſe, trod on his Toes,
And ſmote him on the Ear.

XVI. But mark! how midſt of Victory
Fate ſhews an *Old Dog-Trick*;
Up leap'd DUKE *JOHN* and knock'd him down,
And ſo down fell DUKE *NIC*.

XVII. Alaſs, Oh *NIC!* Oh *NIC*, alaſs!
Right did thy Goſſip call thee,
As who ſhould ſay, *Alaſs the Day*
When JOHN of GUISE ſhall maul thee.

XVIII. For on thee did he clap his Chair,
And on that Chair did ſit?
And look'd as if he meant therein
To do *what was not fit.*

XIX. Up didſt thou look, Oh woful DUKE,
Thy Mouth yet durſt not ope,
Certes, for Fear of finding there
A T——d inſtead of Trope.

XX. " *Lye there thou Caitiff vile, quoth GUISE,*
" *No* Sheet *is here to ſave thee,*
" *The Caſememt it is ſhut likewiſe,*
" *Beneath my Feet I have thee.*

XXI. " *If thou haſt ought to ſay, now ſpeak,*
Then *Lancaſter* did cry,
" Knoweſt thou not ME, nor yet thy ſelf,
" Who Thou, and WHOAM I?

XXII. " Know'ſt Thou not ME, who God be prais'd,
" have bawl'd and quarell'd more
" Than all the Line of *Lancaſter*
" That battled heretofore?

XXIII. " In Senates fam'd for many a Speech,
" And what ſome Awe muſt give Ye,
" Tho' laid thus low beneath thy Breech,
" Still of the Council Privy.

XXIV. " Still of the Dutchy Chancellor,
" *Durante* Life I have it,
" And turn (as now thou doſt on me)
" My A——e on thoſe that gave it.

XXV. But now the Servants they ruſh'd in,
And DUKE *NIC* up leap'd He,
I will not cope againſt ſuch Odds,
But *GUISE, I'll fight with Thee.*

XXVI. *To Morrow with Thee will I fight*
Under the Greenwood Tree;
No, not to Morrow, but to Night,
Quoth GUISE, I'll fight with Thee.

XXVII. And now the Sun declining low,
Beſtreak'd with Blood the Skies,
When with his Sword at Saddle Bow
Rode forth the Valiant *GUISE*.

XXVIII. Full gently praunc'd he on the Lawn,
Oft rowl'd his Eye around,
And from his Sirrup ſtretch'd to find
Who was not to be found.

XXIX. Long brandiſh'd he his Blade in Air,
Long look'd the Field all o're,
At length he ſpy'd the merry Men brown,
And eke the Coach and Four.

XXX. From out the Boot bold *NICHOLAS*
Did wave his Hand ſo white,
As pointing out the gloomy Glade
Whereat he meant to fight.

XXXI. All in that dreadful Hour ſo calm
Was *Lancaſter* to ſee,
As if he meant to take the Air,
Or only take a Fee.

XXXII. And ſo he did, for to *New Court*
His trowling Wheels they run;
Not that he ſhunn'd the doubtful Strife,
But Buſineſs muſt be done.

XXXIII. Back in the dark, by *Brompton* Park,
He turn'd up thro' the Gore,
So ſlunk to *Campden* Houſe ſo high,
All in his Coach and four.

XXXIV. Mean while the *GUISE* did fret and fume,
A Sight it was to ſee,
Benumm'd beneath the Evening Dew,
Under the Greenwood Tree.

XXXV. Then wet and weary home he far'd,
Sore mutt'ring all the Way,
The Day I meet NIC he ſhall rue
The Cudgel of that Day.

XXXVI. Mean time on every piſſing Poſt
Paſte me this Recreant's Name,
So that each Piſſer-by ſhall read,
And piſs againſt the ſame.

XXXVII. Now God preſerve our GRACIOUS KING,
And grant his Nobles all
May learn this Leſſon from *Duke Nic*,
That *Pride will have a Fall.*

F I N I S.

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